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Our Fathers and Our Flag.

I.

GOD chooses men as builders pick the stones
Wherewith they raise vast temples; great or small,
Unhewn or polished, there is place for all,—
The meanest serfs are props of proudest thrones.
Child-laughter is a part, the heart-fetched groans
Of storm-racked manhood, and the low, sweet call
Of maid beloved to her lover-thrall,—
Life is a symphony of myriad tones.

Not to the Leader, greatest though he be
Of knights God-given to Freedom's hallowed cause,
Not to the Captain only, but his ranks
Of dauntless, winter-tortured men, should we
Give praise and glory and the mad huzzas
That ring for heroes—voice a nation's thanks.

II.

The record of a hundred hopeless fields,
The story of grim bivouacs in the stare
Of Want and Hunger, and that fierce Despair
Who swoops when soul to clam'rous body yields,
And battles Faith and Hope, the patriot's shields,
Till Love, most potent of the Three, doth bare
His arm to strike—this legend jewelled, rare,
Illumes Columbia's flag—the sword she wields.

"God and our Land!" Our fathers' faith was strong,
Their hope was mighty, and the crimson tide
Which Love poured out, Faith's white, incarnadined;
And so our colors chant their battle-song,
Hope's azure and the white their life-blood dyed—
The fairest flag that streams along the wind.

DANIEL VINCENT CASEY, '95.

* Two sonnets read at the raising of the flag on Washington's Birthday.

The First of Our Patriots.*

HON. WILLIAM P. BREEN, '74.



WHILE I regret as an American that the observance of this day is waning, I am proud as an old student of Notre Dame, to note that it has always been, and is, here a festal day—a day among days. Since the great Sprin first set foot here, the Twenty-second of February has been celebrated by the students of this great University with the spirit and fervor which always distinguish Notre Dame. We Americans are becoming more coldly practical and less sentimental as each year passes by. We are content to enjoy the blessings of the hour to the full, without ever reflecting by whom our great present was wrought; we are content that it is so, and never think of the deeds or the men that made it so. Our country's past, which this day should bring out in bold relief, is enveloped in grandeur and is not surpassed in greatness in all history. The story which this day brings fresh and vivid to American minds, has no parallel in the annals of the past. All that we have been, all that we are, all that we hope to be, is intimately associated with this day. We commemorate the natal day of the best and greatest character in all our history, the sublime hero, statesman and man, aye, "the greatest of good men and the best of great men." The mention of our country springs from the association of the name to which we would fain do honor to-day.

* Address delivered on the morning of the Twenty-second at the dedication of the flag-staff and flag presented to the University by Mr. Murdock.

While we boast of our country as the best on this sublunary sphere, our hearts swell with pride as we point to the ideal character who watched at her birth and was the first to lead her infant steps—the leader among the great minds and hearts which labored and broke that this government of the people might be perennial.

We meet to-day to fan the fire of patriotism which burns, and will burn, by the urn of our immortal Washington. The contest which he waged to signal victory for right, for self-government, for free thought, for free speech, has been the liberty-lover's inspiration for over a century in every quarter of the globe. What at this hour nerves the arm of the Cuban in his struggle for self-government but the sentiment and instinct of liberty, which are indigenous to American soil and to which form and power were first imparted by the never-to-be forgotten "Father of his Country!" The spirit of him whose indestructible memory we revere to-day, developed the power which was so exquisitely presented by the present great Executive—brainful and senseful follower of the first President of these United States—in the strong and inevitable suggestion to Great Britain, that she should not encroach upon the domain of a sister republic in the South American continent.

Notre Dame has always been patriotic. Every aspiration here is permeated with patriotism. The great Congregation of the Holy Cross has honored itself, and was, and is, honored in the selection of a distinguished, scholarly, high-minded, versatile priest to be its leader in these United States, who was a chaplain in the Federal army, and whose presence on the field of Gettysburg has given the painter's brush most grateful inspiration. Patriotism, the first lesson for American youth, has always been imparted here ungrudgingly, vigorously and fruitfully. The authorities of the nation and of the state have found no welcome more royal, no reception more congenial than that with which Notre Dame—all Notre Dame—has greeted them. No matter what others may do, if the unthinking spirit of the age shall, in its fruition of the present forget the past, there shall be one shrine of patriotism wherein the lights shall never be extinguished, and wherein the glorious memory of Washington shall be niched for the worshippers of the good and the great, and that shrine shall be Notre Dame. The patriotic spirit that invests Notre Dame has again taken form to-day.

An old student, now in high and honorable station in life, who imbibed here the lessons of

fidelity to country to which Washington gave such magnificent mould, lends renewed interest to the celebration of to-day by a generous gift, which symbolizes to the American his country, her constitution and her genius—her flag. He is to be commended for his selection of the gift and his happy choice of the day on which to make it. Down deep in his big heart, I think he scarcely calls it gift, but, rather, a grateful acknowledgment or token of his appreciation of the lessons of fealty to country and to flag, which enfibred his soul during his college days. It was not unexpected that honor and fortune should have attended the man whose impressionable years were passed under the influences of this great University. This day is full of significance to us all. There is suggestion, there is meaning, there is force in the erection of this flag-staff and the unfurling of our country's flag at its high head. The staff that bears our flag, in its invisible altitude, pierces the battlements of Heaven to the abode of the patriot's God. Pure patriotism is God-given. The patriot is God-like. All tell us that love of country should be nurtured and kept alive that our aspirations may be high and broad and honorable. No man can have more goodness of heart, more wealth and depth of brain, more culture, more manhood than is needful for the citizen of these United States. Having these, shall we be true American citizens—the world's highest and noblest title—and thus shall we best pay tribute to the deathless memory of Washington and be prepared to do our duty to our country.

Sleep, a Theme for the Poets.

WALTER B. GOLDEN, '97.

It is curious that sleep has ever been a favorite subject with the poets. Shakspeare, in more than two hundred and fifty places, makes his characters sing its grateful praise. Cervantes makes the grotesque Sancho Panza laud it in his well-known words, which our own John Godfrey Saxe confirms, by adding a line of his own:

"God bless the man who first invented sleep,
So Sancho Panza says, and so say I."

In the poems of John Keats may be found many passages treating of sleep. In its relation to poetry he devotes a long and, I may say, one of his best poems. I have selected only a few of the more striking verses from this composition:

"Soft closer of our eyes,
Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
Slight hoverer around our happy pillow.

Most happy listener when the morning blesses
Thee for enlivening all the cheerful eyes
That glance so brightly at the new sunrise."

I could quote passage after passage from Keats, all of which show the deep appreciation which he felt for that mysterious phenomenon of Nature; but I will content myself with one from his masterpiece. I think it is superior to the other quotations given above:

"O Magic Sleep! O comfortable bird,
That brood'st o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hushed and smooth! O unconfined
Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled eaves,
Echoing grottos, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight, ay, to all the mazy world."

Then Shakspeare—a whole paper might be devoted to his passages on sleep. His figures are particularly striking. He, as do many of the other poets, likens it to death; and indeed there is a particular resemblance between these two mysteries:

"O sleep! O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have
I frightened you?"

"Shake off this drowsy sleep, death's counterfeit, and look on death itself."

"O sleep, thou ape of death, lit dull upon her."

The tribute which Shakspeare pays to sleep in the following passage, is one well worthy of the poet. It is the deep thankfulness of a tired mind for a boon so gracious and refreshing. Shakspeare is certainly the only man who could use the figure of speech so appropriately.

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast!"

Geoffrey Chaucer, the pioneer of English song, is quoted by Keats in his "Sleep and Poetry."

"As I lay in my bed slepe full unmete
Was unto me, but why that I ne might
Rest, I ne wist, for there n' earthly wight
(As I suppose) had more of hartes ese
Than I, for n' had sickness nor disease."

Byron says:

"Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality."

Coleridge has said many good things on sleep:

"Sleep, the wide blessing, seem'd to me
Distemper's worst calamity."

And again:

"O sleep, it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole!"

Southey seems to take a different view of sleep from most of the other poets:

"Thou hast been call'd, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 'tis the *happy* who have call'd thee so."

The following extract is from Mrs. Hemans:

"Oh, lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed
And eyes that wake to weep."

Wordsworth, whose sonnets are justly considered among the best written in the English tongue, devotes one to this same subject. Like Chaucer, he also complains that sleep will not attend him. Everything in nature has its rest, but he must lie in sleeplessness. The sonnet is well constructed, and is a *real* sonnet, so I will not apologize for quoting it in full:

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water and pure sky;
By turns have all been thought of, yet I lie
Sleepless; and soon the small bird's melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay—
And could not win thee, Sleep, by any stealth!
So do not let me wear to-night away:

Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health."

The last two lines are especially worthy of note. In them we have a very poetic definition of sleep.

Sleep has, by no means, been a theme for the great poets only; as we may find very beautiful compositions by what are called the "lesser lights." Anne Reeves Aldrich's poem, "A Prayer," is one which cannot fail to enlist our sympathy. In reading it we instinctively feel the reserve power of its author:

"A morrow must come on
When I shall wake to weep,
But just for some short hours,
God give me sleep!

"I ask not hopes return.
As I have sowed I reap;
Grief must awake with dawn,
Yet oh, to sleep!

"No dreams, dear God, no dreams,
Mere slumber, dull and deep,
Such as Thou givest brutes,
Sleep, only sleep!"

As the object of this paper is merely to show by a few illustrations the prevailing idea of most poets on this subject, I do not think it necessary, if it were practicable, to quote from all of them. Patrick Procter Alexander has a sonnet on sleep, which, to be fully appreciated must be taken in its entirety:

"Come to me now! O come! benigonest sleep?
 And fold me up as evening doth a flower,
 From my vain self and vain things which have power
 Upon my soul to make me smile or weep,
 And then thou comest, O like death so deep—
 No dreary boon have I of thee to crave
 More than may come to him that in the grave
 Is heedless of the night-winds how they sweep.

I have not in me half the cause of sorrow
 Which is in thousands who must not complain;
 And yet this moment, if it could be mine
 To lapse and pass in sleep, and so resign,
 All that must yet be borne of joy and pain,
 I scarcely know if I would wake to-morrow."

It is almost impossible to read the works of any great poet, and not find some allusion to sleep. Some cause for this must exist. Perhaps the poet, wearied by the great mental strain caused by his work, was unable to sleep. One thing is clear, whatever may have been the cause, our literature is none the poorer for the many poetical compositions which have sleep for their theme.

Washington and Our Day.*

FRANCIS P. MCMANUS (LAW '96).

When the intelligence of the death of Washington was announced on the 14th of December, 1799, John Marshall rose from his seat in the House of Representatives and thus addressed the members: "The melancholy event which was yesterday announced with doubt, has been rendered but too certain. Our Washington is no more! The hero, the patriot, the sage of America, the man on whom in times of danger every eye was turned and all hopes placed, lives now only in his own great actions and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people."

"Nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it; he died
 As one that had been studied in his death
 To throw away the dearest thing he could
 As 'twere a careless trifle."

It is not for me to refresh your minds with even a brief biography of his career; you know it too well. The infant in his mother's arms is taught to revere his name, and, as he glides into manhood, the true ideal of all that is patriotic permeates his mind and finds root in his soul.

Much of his influence over the minds of his countrymen was due to his character as a man, and it has been said that there was a fascina-

tion for all hearts in his lofty bearing, his generous sentiments and his comprehensive charity. In every act of his administration, he sought the happiness of his fellow-citizens. His system for the attainment of this object was to overlook all personal, local and partial considerations; to contemplate the United States as one great whole; to yield to candid reflection, and to consult only the substantial and permanent interests of his country.

Without any predilection for his own judgment, he weighed with attention every argument which was at any time brought to his view. The Constitution was his guide and he never abandoned it. His policy was to maintain friendly relations with all the nations of the earth, but to be independent of these, and to share in the broils of none. By a firm adherence to such principles and to the neutral policy which had been adopted, he brought on himself a torrent of abuse from the factious papers of this country and from the enmity of the discontented of all descriptions. But having no hidden object in view, he was not to be diverted from his cause by these attempts to withdraw the confidence of his constituents from him. "I have nothing to ask," he says, "and discharging my duty, I have nothing to fear from invective. The acts of my administration will appear when I am no more, and the intelligent and candid part of mankind will not condemn my conduct without recurring to them."

Truly, as Bayer has put it, "he stands alone and unapproachable, like a snow peak rising above its fellows into the clear air of morning, with a dignity, constancy and purity which have made him the ideal type of civic virtue to succeeding generations." Born beneath a humble roof, engaging in early youth in the service of his country, rising rapidly to the highest offices of trust and influence within the giving of his countrymen, he passed uncorrupted through the temptations that office afforded him. He lived indeed not for us alone, but for all nations.

Let us pause for a moment and take home to our hearts the wise and judicious counsels embraced in his farewell address. His purpose in this his valedictory was to present the results of his keen observation and clear reflections upon the character of our institutions, and to utter such words of recommendation as might befit the occasion. With all the fidelity of a counsellor and friend, he points out the two evils which seemed to him most likely to imperil the safety of the nation—the danger

* Oration delivered in Washington Hall, on the afternoon of the 22d, at the celebration commemorating the birth of Washington.

from excessive party-spirit and that from foreign alliances. Subsequent history has shown that he has not overestimated the latter of these dangers.

In the light of recent events I am impressed with the desire to make mention of a matter which was, until recently, of great moment to all the Christian world—the Venezuelan dispute. You are all but too well acquainted with the causes that have stirred up this feud between Great Britain and the United States, and we cannot pick up a press sheet to-day but we may read something concerning the Monroe Doctrine. This doctrine is none else than a corollary of Washington's declaration that "Americans should not concern themselves in the politics of Europe." And such were Monroe's words: "We owe it, therefore, to candor and the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and have maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

These words, though uttered more than seventy years ago, have had the sanction of every succeeding president. Only recently our present executive gave notice, through Great Britain, to all the world that in American affairs, the United States is and must be supreme, and that the Monroe Doctrine "cannot become obsolete while our republic endures." This fair and clear declaration of the determined will of the people of the United States to maintain the independence of all American countries, and to guarantee their soil protection from European aggression, is the more satisfactory because it comes from one whose Americanism, though always conservative, had not unfrequently been doubted.

It has been said that President Cleveland never fully appreciated or sympathized with the true grandeur of our nation; but it is most gratifying to learn that these doubts were unjust and that, where the interests and dignity of the

republic are threatened by a foreign power, he is capable of worthily upholding the precedents established by the illustrious men who preceded him. Strong and vigorous as were the terms of his recent message, it is nowhere unfair or immoderate. Indeed, the condition of the Venezuelan affair was so critical that nothing was left to the United States but to surrender the Monroe Doctrine or to act as the President advised. As he himself said: "Having labored faithfully for many years to induce Great Britain to submit this dispute to impartial arbitration, and having been now finally apprized of her refusal to do so, nothing remains but to accept the situation, recognize its plain requirements and deal with it accordingly."

By her constitutional pledges, by her traditions, by her sentiments and instincts, by the memory of all her immortal leaders, the United States is, in a special manner, consecrated to the maintenance of that pan-Americanism of which the Monroe Doctrine is at once the animating spirit and the embodied creed.

But from out that dark and threatening cloud, which had almost completely enshrouded our fair and spotless republic with the gloomy aspect of war, there comes the white dove of peace, winging her way through the nebulous atmosphere, across the broad Atlantic, bearing the welcome message of harmony and conciliation. On, on she comes with sure and certain speed. Let nothing obstruct her in her glorious passage until she has alighted at the seat of our government, there to disseminate the glad tidings to all American citizens that Great Britain acceded to our demands.

Once more the fear of pillage and rapine to our untainted commonwealth is thus allayed. Once more the admonition of the immortal Washington has been listened to and heeded. Again we may breathe the pure air of tranquillity, and rejoice with that deep-seated spirit of patriotism which ever dwells in all loyal American hearts.

Citizens of this great and glorious democracy; if ever you are called upon by the voice of your country to take up arms to repel an invader from your shores, if ever the terrible choice between a mighty war, with all its grim and dreadful consequences, and a dishonorable peace is thrust upon you, muster round your Stars and Stripes; rally to the colors of your American standard; hold aloft and protect your Star Spangled Banner:

"Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Varsity Verse.

FORTUNE'S FORELOCK.

Two gallant knights, most goodly sights,
 Were seated on "the stile;"
 A damsel sweet, these two did greet
 With quite a winning smile.
 With visors closed, the knights arose,
 And tottered back aghast;
 Their stupor broke, the two awoke
 To find the maid had passed.
 And now they meet in dark retreat
 To sorrow, smoke and talk,
 And wonder when the maid again
 Will take another walk.

T. T. C.

TO A "TWENTIETH CENTURY" COOK.

(For a copy of *Marion Harland*.)

If muse of mine could dreams inspire
 Such as you shape in flour and stuff,
 That Jonquet sells, I'd never tire
 Of framing rhymes, or grind enough
 To satisfy the world's desire.
 The brown-gold madrigals you bake,
 Your lyrics done in white and cream,
 Your nocturnes—ah! who would not stake
 His joy that they are what they seem?
 You make—yes, more, you take *the* cake!

S. E. E.

IN POMPOUS STYLE.

In pompous style when students write
 Of Pan and Zeus, none take delight
 To touch the lyre and chant the praise
 Of Grecian gods, or sing fond lays
 To her the fair goddess of light.
 We younger bards oft set aright
 A faulty verse; for in our sight
 The muse abhors a lofty phrase
 In pompous style.

Behold, true friends, for Art is bright!
 "What's read at morn is dead at night;"
 Let not thy verse in college days
 Be rugged, as the critic says,
 Or quickly written, as I might—
 In pompous style.

M. J. C.

NOT A MYSTERY.

As he stood in admiration,
 Looking down along his side,
 With his watch just half way open,
 He betrayed a look of pride.
 From the stealthy way he did it
 And the bright'ning of his face,
 I'm certain that there must have been
 A woman in the case.

J. W. L.

ONLY A TRIFLE.

She gave me a rose,
 And smiled as she gave it.
 Ah! nobody knows,
 When she gave me a rose,
 How it banished my woes,
 And lightened my spirit.
 She gave me a rose,
 And smiled as she gave it.

A. W. S.

The Painter of "The Angelus."

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

La Hague, the land of plowed fields and broad pastures, the world of peasants with their wooden shoes and home-spun frocks, farm life, simplicity—such was the home of Millet. In the little hamlet of Gruchy, belonging to the Province of Gréville, in 1814, the chief of the Barbizon school was born.

The members of the family following the labor of the fields were plain, simple peasants. Away from the noise and artificiality of the busy world, Jean François grew up with nature,—the nature that he loved and studied so well. The fields with their flocks of sheep, the pastures and meadows, the bits of woodland here and there, and the sea just beyond,—all these charmed his soul and awoke responsive echoes in his heart. The chords of beauty and truth were touched,—chords which in after years, beneath his master-hand, sounded full and strong, leaving their harmony on canvas sheets to delight the ages that followed.

His early days were passed in the fields and meadows, helping his father as best he could, for he was the eldest son. Nor was his education neglected. He was a good Latin scholar, and could write in a pleasing yet firm style. He was devoted to the Bible, and loved Virgil. He read much and read well.

The days came and went for eighteen summers before Jean gave a sign of the awakening in his soul of a sense of the beauty so lavishly manifest in the world around him. It was one morning, as he came along the road from Mass, that he saw an old man, bent with the weight of years, moving along slowly in the foreground. The movement and perspective of the scene flashed upon him. He stood for a moment watching the lines of light and shadow, then walked quickly homeward. Reaching the house he seized a piece of charcoal and drew from memory the lines as he remembered them. This was Millet's first "picture," and in it were the germs of that strength of movement and life, that purity and depth of feeling, that made his after-work the admiration and wonder of the whole world of art.

His father, seeing the talent of the boy, sent him to Cherbourg, where under Mouchel he learned the first crude principles of art. At the end of two months his father died, and Jean

was called home to look after the estate. His father's last wish was that his son should be kept to his study, so Jean returned to Cherbourg and entered the studio of Langlois. His talent aroused public notice, and an annuity of four hundred francs was given to him that his education might be completed in Paris. In 1837, Millet entered the school of Delaroche, and though at first his style was influenced by the master, he soon broke the rules and followed the teachings of his own mind. His first exhibit in the *Salon* of the Louvre was obtained in 1840. This was a victory for the "man of the woods," as he was called by his companions in the studio. The Academy at this time systematically snubbed the new school. Rousseau could not endure the humiliation of a refusal, and withdrew; Delaroche was fortunate in his choice and treatment of subjects and obtained a fair recognition; Dupre would not exhibit, and Corot found an impassable barrier in the jurors of the institution.

It was in keeping with the false scholasticism of the time that the jurors of the Academy should object to Millet's technique. They recognized but one school, and gave place only to one class of work. But the school of Delaroche—of which Ingres was the stronger, and Delaroche the weaker—fast lost its hold on the world of art, and then broader views were taken. The French are to-day the most zealous guardians of Millet's works. It is now admitted that he had a powerful influence on art in America and France. He is noted for his expression, tone and beauty. "He took the types of the rude peasants and made them the types of mankind." They, in the labor of the fields, were his leading theme. He made a simple figure show all that was good or bad in humanity. His best works are "The Angelus," "The Reaper," and "Waiting."

The style and talent of Millet changed between the years 1841-1852. He began to assume an individuality. He lost the tone and spirit of Delaroche and painted with a fervor and warmth, together with a strength of movement that made his work an entirely different thing. His life was not the most pleasant. During the Insurrection of 1849 he and Jacques went to Barbizon. Here his work gave evidence of thought and study. He caught the echo of country life, its work, its misery, and its peace. Here he remained until his death, living in that communion with nature that only the poet or the artist knows.

According to the standard of criticism of our day, his taste is considered excellent. And

from a study of his subjects we realize one thing very strongly, that he knew how to choose his subjects. And indeed art is but a selection. Millet's was of position, color and surroundings. His works are full of suggestiveness. He followed Nature, and though he gave us faithful copies of her handiwork, still he never showed her to us in her ugliness (if such a thing exists), for he loved beauty too well. He gave us the "thorns with the roses; the shadows with the sunlight," and is not this Nature as we best know her?

His coloring has been compared to that of the Italian and Dutch masters. And in technique, which is color, composition and action, he had few superiors. As a composer his work ranks among the first. The composition of a subject was to him an art, which he, in turn, gracefully hid with an art. His representation of action is a characteristic mark, and is the first thing to force itself upon the beholder. There seems to be life in every stroke—no line without its meaning. He was minute and broad at the same time, a trait which many of his critics fail to give him credit for. His pictures have thought and expression. And art is great only as the expression is great. His works are worthy and capable of much study.

If the great poet be a great man, even so is the true artist a man whose nature grasps the meaning of many things, whose mind and heart are capable of the most ennobling thoughts. Not by words does he give expression to his feelings, but by the painted canvas sheet. There, among the lines of light and shadow, you may see his soul, thought, life—greatness. Like the masterpiece of the true poet, his theme may be strong and deep, requiring thought and study to understand it. We may go ten, twenty, or a hundred times, and each visit to the canvas will show us some new line, light, or shadow, contributing to the harmony and meaning of the whole, that never before appeared to us. A thousand hidden beauties are there, and an association of ideas seem to cling to the subject, revealing one by one the thought and beauty of the whole. And when we understand, then only can we fully appreciate the merit of the work, the greatness of the artist, and the lesson of the canvas. But in art one must feel for one's self. The effect and value of a painting cannot be sold or given away, any more than the beauties of Dante could be handed to you by another. As we read the poet's lines, so should we read the canvas of the artist—not merely read, but study.

Thomas Carlyle.

HUNTER M. BENNETT, '97.

The romantic halo surrounding the life and death of Keats has been so irresistible to our modern critics that the centenary of Thomas Carlyle himself has passed by without notice. To say that Carlyle was responsible for this would be unjust. For almost half a century he was recognized as one of the leading men of letters in England, and now, fifteen years after his death, the opinions then formed concerning him do not seem to have materially changed.

If we wished to find a reason for this apparent neglect, we might attribute it to the fact that so much has been written about him that there remains nothing more to say. Carlyle's place in literature is already fixed, and we are fast learning to regard him as classic, if not one of the ancients. Although we may not accept many of his theories, we cannot fail to recognize his great ability and the influence he has had upon our literature. He stands in the foremost rank as a historian, essayist and philosopher, not on account of the truthfulness of his doctrines, but as the representative of opinions supported by a mighty moral force and a great genius.

Carlyle, as a man, was firm, self-reliant and dogmatic. It is no wonder that the great Jeffrey, after vainly trying to tone down his magazine articles, regrets that so great a genius should be so conceited. Emerson says that Carlyle first impressed him as being a gardener who had found leisure enough to read Shakespeare, Plato, Augustine and Calvin. The stern conditions of his boyhood had developed this rough nature of his and had given him that independent, positive character which is manifest in every line he wrote. Thus we see that his reputation as a critic rests upon his magnificent gift of perception and his indefatigable spirit in the study of details; but we invariably find that in his criticisms of those with whom he does not agree, his judgment is very fallible.

In his views on government he held positive opinions which experience had conclusively refuted even before his time. To him liberty and the British Constitution were the product of socialistic principles that would never bring happiness to the people. He maintained that ignorance would be the outcome of liberty; for how could the masses of the people, individually ignorant, be expected to produce

anything more intelligent than themselves? His ideal government was one with absolute power over the people; for therein, he claimed, lay their happiness. "I think," he says, with characteristic vigor, "if they would give it to me to provide the poor with labor, and with authority to make them work or shoot them—and I to be hanged if I did not do it—I could find them in plenty of Indian meal."

Carlyle's writings were seriously affected in the beginning of his career by the German style he had cultivated during his studies in that language. The success of "*Sartor Resartus*" was greatly retarded by the unfamiliarity of the British public with the style and subject. After the appearance of this book he wrote several essays, but his success as a writer was not assured until he produced the "*French Revolution*." This book, which had been described by some enthusiastic critics as a prose epic, is, taken from all points of view, probably the best of his works. Although it does not show the untiring labor in details that we find in "*Frederick*," nor the keen perception of his "*Cromwell*," nevertheless, the splendor of its dramatic scenes renders it unsurpassed. The artistic work in his "*Life of Sterling*" and the humor of his "*Essays*" are other qualities that are found in the writings of this Scotch genius whose only fault seems to have been a too great loyalty to his convictions.

Books and Magazines.

—Caspar Whitney is ready for his dash into the Barren Grounds. In the March *Harper's* he engages Beniah, mightiest of the Dog-Rib hunters, as his chief of staff, and cuts the firewood he must take with him on his journey into the treeless waste. No light undertaking, this braving of the dangers of an Arctic winter; even the Indians look upon him as a madman who will rush on to certain death. But Whitney has knightly stuff in him, and his spirit rises as new dangers confront him. It is good to know that in this luxurious age, we have men who will endure cold and hunger and hardships unimagined merely to catch sight of musk-oxen and wood-bison. Mr. Alden does well to give Whitney the place of honor.

"Colonel Washington," by Woodrow Wilson is a notable study of the youth and early manhood of the young Virginian who marked the boundaries of Lord Fairfax's estate and saved the shattered remnants of Braddock's scarlet

squares from utter rout. Here are set down the doings of the young surveyor and proud soldier who begged to be allowed to serve without pay rather than take the pittance which Virginia paid her officers. Howard Pyle knows the colonial period as no other artist does, and his illustrations are strong and eloquent. Park Benjamin's "The Nerves of a War-Ship" is timely, but nothing more, and the "Money-Borrowers" of Junius Henri Browne is simply a study of the parasites of modern life, with never a suggestion of a remedy for the plague.

William Black's "Briseis" takes a new turn, and it appears that Georgie of the sun-kissed locks begins to rue the art she used in landing young Frank Gordon. A telegram calls her to America, and her Highland lover discovers Briseis and finds out too late that it is she whom he loves. He, too, tries the ocean voyage. The other serials, "The German Struggle for Liberty" and "Joan of Arc," draw to their crises and are uniformly good. Owen Wister reveals the fact that Lin McLean's friend, the Virginian, has a heart, and makes him lose it to a school-ma'am from Vermont, a great-granddaughter of Molly Stark. "Where Fancy Was Bred" is one of Mr. Wister's best stories. Julian Ralph has yet another sketch of Chinese life, "The 'Boss' of Ling-Foo," and Helen Huntington offers a striking story of the Salvation Army, "Jane Hubb's Salvation." In the "Editor's Study" Charles Dudley Warner paints a "Dream Republic" that is an idealized portrait of our own. It is a graceful bit of writing. The verse in the March *Harper's* is distinctly inferior—but then "magazine" verse has come to be a byword with the paragraphers.

WASHINGTON; OR THE REVOLUTION. A drama by Ethan Allen. Parts I. and II. F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago.

There are dramas for the stage and dramas for the closet. They may be historical, romantic or a variety of things, and they interest or instruct, and perhaps weary us, as the case may be. But we cannot say that Mr. Allen's work is better or worse because, to the best of our knowledge, there is nothing like it in literature. In the form of a drama, and with the quick action of the stage about its incidents, it is also a complete and reliable history of the Great War. It is unique, and for that reason, if for no other, should command attention. But the magnitude of its scope and the excellence of execution must bring to its author some portion of fame and possibly fortune. He is, by the way,

the grandson of a Revolutionary soldier, and through the latter a kinsman of Colonel Ethan Allen of Vermont fame. Through Mr. Allen's veins flows the blood of the heroes of '76, and he is peculiarly fitted by study and personal qualities for the task which he has accomplished.

"Washington, Or the Revolution" is published in two parts of five acts each. The acts, in turn are made up of from five to ten scenes. The work is not, of course, intended for the stage, and in consequence it escapes the twisting and adapting of facts which would otherwise be necessary. Its limitations, happily, are very few, since the unities of the drama may be dispensed with and no thought need be given to the mechanism of the stage. In the space of four successive scenes, the reader is taken from Washington's camp at Cambridge to the castle of the Landgrave of Hesse, then to Buckingham palace where King George and his Ministers are consulting, and finally back to America and Independence Hall during the Declaration. This ability of the author to annihilate time and space at pleasure is one of the chief merits of the book. The logical sequence of events occurs, and the dramatic form, in which the characters of history are made to speak and move and show their hopes and fears and motives, like flesh and blood creatures, brings home to us the true aspect of things as no narrative can. A series of pictures faithful to fact, and colored by action, are impressed on the memory. All matter not to be found in the dialogue is given in the foot-notes. No more interesting and effective method of assimilating the history and atmosphere of the times could be devised.

Part the First opens at a time shortly previous to the "Boston Tea Party," and with skilful dove-tailing of scenes, covers the period up to General Burgoyne's surrender. In it Washington and Benjamin Franklin are the two chief factors in the making of history, and next in importance is the Count de Vergennes, the Minister of Louis XII., who did much for the cause of the Americans. Part Second is gracefully dedicated to the French people for their devotion to the great Minister in his adherence to the patriots. The course of events are here followed out graphically until the close of the great struggle, and the last scene shows our beloved Washington taking the oath of office as the first President of our glorious Republic. Aside from its literary value, Mr. Allen has written a book which will do much to revivify true healthy patriotism which the prosperous materialism of the day tends to belittle.

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JAMES BARRY,	} Reporters.
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—The members of the Handel Society, of South Bend, are our very good friends. It was a graceful act on their part to lend their presence and their voices to the celebration last Saturday, and one we will not easily forget. For some reason, South Bend is as a foreign country to the student-body, and any proffer of goodwill is doubly grateful. And so our thanks to the Handel Society are more than perfunctory, they are heartfelt.

—Governor Upham, of Wisconsin, is not of the sternest stuff. The citizens of his state present, to-day, to the National Government, a statue of Père Marquette, the explorer-priest who led the way into the wolverine wilderness. But Governor Upham has not taken the trip to Washington; his loyal constituents, the A. P. A., would have him stay at home. And the Governor, wise soul, knows whose marionette he is, and "kicks accordin'." A man with just a suspicion of soul would have invited Archbishop Katzer, the chief of the Church in Wisconsin, and a member of the Marquette Statue Commission, to be present at the unveiling. But the A. P. A. hate the Archbishop, and their puppet snubs him. What an honest, manly, fearless fellow Governor Upham is!

The Celebration of the Twenty-Second.

THE RAISING OF THE FLAG.

As Hon. William P. Breen truly remarked in his address of Saturday last, the observance of Washington's Birthday appears of late years to have been somewhat on the decline. The spirit of progress in these days seemed to overshadow even patriotism, and to our shame it must be said that the Father of our country has not received the attention he deserves. But the celebration last Saturday throughout the entire country proved that the slumber which patriotism had been taking was very light indeed. Perhaps this enthusiastic awakening is the result of our late war-scare with England—whatever its cause, it has sufficed to convince pessimists that though Uncle Sam's good humor often assumes the aspect of indifference, he can still become dreadfully in earnest when honor is at stake. The Stars and Stripes floated over the country as proudly as ever, and seemed to give a significant warning to intruders that the Monroe Doctrine is most emphatically an American principle. And at no place was the day celebrated in a more patriotic fashion than at Notre Dame. College boys can be depended upon for enthusiasm unlimited; and husky throats were the rule, not the exception, among the students, when the day was done.

Those who assembled in Washington Hall at 10 a. m., last Saturday, to join in the exercises accompanying the dedication of the new flag-staff, viewed with pride the noble manner in which Notre Dame helped to do honor to her country's hero. It seemed that each tried to vie with the other in giving expression and volume to the national hymns, and in showing hearty sympathy with the patriotic sentiments that every speaker expressed. The opening piece of the programme was a grand chorus, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and as the audience rose to its feet and sang the familiar verses of that national air, Washington Hall, with the Stars and Stripes stretched in graceful folds across the front of the stage, presented a sight not soon to be forgotten. Mr. Samuel Murdock, to whom the University is indebted for the graceful flag and staff that grace the entrance to the grounds, was not present in person to present his admirable gift; but a telegram explaining his absence was read by Professor John G. Ewing who, in Mr. Murdock's name, presented the flag to the University.

President Morrissey, in a few well-chosen sentences, accepted the generous offering, and took occasion to express a few patriotic sentiments proper to the day and place, and his words were received with the most hearty applause.

"It gives me great pleasure to accept in the name of the University the generous offering of the flag of our country. For months past rumor had it that one of its Alumni was to present to his *Alma Mater* this token of appreciation and good-will; but not until within a few days ago was it definitely known that the donor was a distinguished citizen of our own State and a loyal, trusted son of the University. In formally accepting this offering, allow me to thank Mr. Murdock most sincerely, and assure him that the Faculty and students of his college home are profoundly grateful to him for it. This act on his part serves only to bring into greater light that noble, generous spirit which had always characterized him while a student, and justified his classmates to venture the prediction that Sam Murdock's success in the days that were to come would be commensurate with these qualities of heart and soul with which everyone knew him to be endowed.

"Notre Dame prizes nothing higher than the love and affection of her old students, and if she were at times prompted to think that the bonds that bind her to her children were not as close as she would like to persuade herself that they were, occasions such as the present would be sufficient to dispel any such misgiving, and be an evident indication of a reciprocity of devotedness and loyalty between herself and those she is proud to call her sons. Far be it from me to undervalue the material worth of the objects presented this morning. It needs no carefully trained intelligence to see that the gift is indeed a princely one. But underlying its exterior value is something that we prize far more dearly, and that is the kindly feeling which it betokens. This makes the acceptance on the part of the University of the emblem of our great country a most pleasant duty, connecting, as it does, with links of true affection the present with the past.

"The birthday of our country's hero attaches to this occasion a more than ordinary significance. Entwined in the folds of the Stars and Stripes are a nation's highest aspirations; enshrined in the hearts of our glorious Washington is the love and devotion of a truly grateful people. Around his brow, let the glorious folds of our country's flag wave, and to his memory let the flag that is to be hoisted on yonder pole be duly consecrated. From this seat of learning go forth to-day the voices of hundreds of America's children proclaiming their devotion to the flag that protects them. In this Western home of Christian education, have always been taught those noble principles of true liberty for which our forefathers bled; and no better evidence of the efficacy of that teaching can be given than the gift offered to-day by one of her old students who drank in with all the expanse of his soul those lessons of love and devotedness to his country's interest.

"From these halls let us hope that there shall go forth in the future as they have gone forth in the past, young men who will have learnt well the principles of true American manhood, and who will always be ready to lend every energy of their heart and soul to the propagation and maintenance of those sterling qualities of heart and soul that will ensure the continued success and prosperity of their beloved country."

Following this, was the chorus, the "Star Spangled Banner," and at its conclusion Mr. Daniel Vincent Casey favored a delighted audience with a poem written for the occasion. We present it in this issue where the reader can perceive for himself the beauties it contains. Hon. William P. Breen, whose powers of oratory and eloquence have often been attested to Notre Dame audiences before, incited his hearers to the great significance of the day they celebrated. We give his address in full, but are unable to produce in print the earnest and admirable delivery that so characterized it.

The proceedings in Washington Hall being over, a line of march, headed by the University band and military companies, was inaugurated, and the flag was carried to the entrance of the college grounds. A moment more and it was floating in the air one hundred and twenty-five feet overhead, while cheer upon cheer arose from the enthusiastic crowd below. It was an impressive sight, and everyone felt that the celebration had been a most successful one. The flag-staff measures one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, while the flag itself contains a square surface of one thousand. Immediately after the procedure was over, the Class of '96, in the name of the students of the University, forwarded to Mr. Murdock a message expressing their appreciation of his splendid gift.

THE EXERCISES OF THE AFTERNOON.

Seldom has Washington Hall been honored with a larger or more enthusiastic gathering than that which met a week ago before Gregori's portrait of the Father of his country. The students were there *en masse*; the Faculty lent gravity and prestige to the entertainment, and friends of the University from far and near graced the occasion with their presence. It was the first public patriotic demonstration since President Cleveland sent his now famous message to Congress, and the audience found opportunity to express their joy as much at the outcome of his *fiat* as in celebrating the birthday of our proto-president.

At 3.00 p. m., the hall was open to the public, and immediately the ushers were busy in disposing of the crowds which thronged the passages and approaches to the theatre. The hall was already filled when Rev. President Morrissey entered, and was greeted with the college yell, which sounded jubilant above hand-clappings and cheers. The University Orchestra struck up the grand overture, "Our Social Session." The music ceased; the din of applause subsided, and Mr. Francis P. McManus, the orator of the

day, bowed before the assembly. His oration is given elsewhere, and therefore we shall leave the reader to judge of its merits; it is enough to say here that the grace and ease of the orator added much to the noble sentiments expressed, and repeatedly compelled hearty applause. The Mandolin Orchestra played "La Patrie," responded to an *encore*, and the curtain went up for the Class of '96.

It is to the everlasting credit of '96 that by their exceptional acting, they rescued a rather indifferent play from the dullness which it deserved. In arranging the "Iron Chest" for male characters only, much of its point was necessarily lost, and the plot suffered severely. It still retained many bits of excellent dialogue, and in more scenes than one afforded superb opportunities for brilliant acting. Such scenes as these were handled with a firmness rarely equalled on our college stage, and in some respects the acting was unexcelled in amateur theatricals. Mr. John G. Mott filled the *rôle* of Sir Edward Mortimer with credit. It was a difficult part and required keen judgment to bring out its effects. Mr. Mott is nearly always beyond the reach of criticism, but he occasionally descends to mediocrity. He has fallen into the habit—which seems to me to mar much of the beauty of his art—of contracting and expanding the brow almost continually, and this he indulges in throughout the whole play. If used sparingly when the occasion demands it, this would become one of his greatest effects. Another thing which Mr. Mott should guard against is that he allows a certain, almost imperceptible monotony to enter into his expression of the various emotions. What I mean is that the contrast between his sorrow and joy, anger and affection, is not sufficiently marked. There is a slight contrast, however, in his representation of these emotions, but something seems wanting to make it striking. Mr. Mott has done such clever acting in the past, that he can afford to receive sharper criticism than that bestowed on others less seasoned than himself.

Mr. Elmer J. Murphy, as Wilford, the secretary of Sir Edward, fell below the standard which he set for himself in his recent appearance of the Stock Company. In a few places he was stiff, very stiff, to the surprise of those who knew him as one of our most natural actors. In a few scenes he was himself, or rather his stage self, again, and redeemed much of his lost merit. The inequality of his acting was shared by almost every actor in the cast,

and though the play, as a whole, was successful, there were parts of it which were almost intolerable.

Captain Fitzharding, the genial and kindly, was well represented by Mr. John H. Gallagher. Though this was his first appearance before the footlights in these parts he seemed to have all the coolness and confidence of an old stager. In appearance and disposition he is well fitted for the character he impersonated, and he well deserved the applause which greeted him on several occasions.

Mr. Stace, as Adam Wintertown, the steward, was excellent in make-up and in action. He carried his stoop gracefully, and was always respectable in dress and language, as became a trusty officer in an English household. His accent, though, smacked too much of the Michigan twang to pass off as the natural tone of voice of an English steward.

Gilbert Rawbold was very well done by Mr. James B. Barrett. The first part of the scene in which he appeared was true and was acted cleverly and coolly. Toward the end, however, he failed to sustain his part thoroughly. He has a splendid voice, an appearance fitted for a bold and lofty part, and a graceful delivery that should recommend him to the Stock Company. Samson Rawbold, his son, was well filled by Mr. John G. Shannon. His acting was so clever that somebody in the audience presented him with a large bouquet. Besides winning this honor, he also succeeded in drawing out repeatedly the applause of the house. His brother, George Rawbold, was a good representation of a boy with noble ambitions. Master Sheils is graceful and with practice and careful study he will attain, if he tries, a high place among our local actors.

Mr. Richard S. Slevin brought out to the full the character of the blood-thirsty robber, Orson. Courageous, death-defying, cruel, heartless, bold, Orson was a terrible villain and deserved the expulsion he received at the hands of his fellow bandits. Mr. Francis W. Barton played the active old henchman of the robbers to perfection. His inimitable stoop, his harsh, squeaky voice and his delightfully sneaking ways were wonderfully portrayed. Mr. Jesse W. Lantry, as chief of the robbers, was a most villainous-looking scoundrel, but beneath the appearance which his "profession" rendered necessary, were to be found kindness and honor, though the latter was such as is found only among thieves.

Mr. John B. Murphy took the part of the

robber's boy very well, and showed that he had great ambition to rise to eminence in the calling to which he was apprenticed. Messrs. Eyanson, Pulskamp, Costello and Cornell performed their several parts with credit, and in their own humble characters did much to bring success to the play.

The Class of '96 deserves great applause for their efforts, and, in the name of the students, we beg to thank them for the pleasant entertainment they served us with. Of course, whatever praise they receive is owing in part to their director, the genial Rev. Director of Studies, who spared no effort to make the play a success. We must not close without saying a word of thanks to the Orchestra for their rendition of Rubenstein's Melodies in F, which was as beautiful as anything we have heard here this year. The following is a copy of the

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Grand Overture—"Our Social Session," *Prenderville*
University Orchestra.

Oration..... F. P. McManus
"La Patrie"..... *A. Luigi*
Mandolin Orchestra.

After Act I.

Univ'ty Orchestra—"Gems from Madeline" *Edwards*
After Act II.

Univ'ty Orchestra, Rubenstein's Melodie in F, *Tobani*
PART II.

"THE IRON CHEST."

A. DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Cast of Characters.

Sir Edward Mortimer..... J. G. Mott
Captain Fitzharding..... J. H. Gallagher
Wilford..... E. J. Murphy
Clarence..... F. B. Cornell
Adam Wintertown..... A. W. Stace
Gilbert Rawbold..... J. B. Barrett
Samson Rawbold..... J. G. Shannon
George Rawbold..... J. P. Sheils
Gregory..... F. E. Eyanson
Armstrong..... J. W. Lantry
Martin..... F. W. Barton
Orson..... R. S. Slevin
1st Bobber..... C. F. Pulskamp
2d Robber..... M. J. Costello
Robber's Boy..... J. B. Murphy

Exchanges.

The *Niagra Index* opens with a spirited poem, "The Fight of the Lions," full of the rush and strength and struggle of these kings of the forest. It is a poem of great force, with scarcely a weak line, and the anomaly of the tiger is forgotten in the crack and tear of the combat.

The Maid of Orleans finds a thoroughly sympathetic historian in a splendid article. It is a timely suggestion to the modern woman, entering as she everywhere is on fields of effort hitherto reserved for man, to take as a model the

warrior maid, who, with unlimited power, and amid scenes repugnant to her temper, preserved the simplicity, gentleness and virtue of her sex.

The genius of Shakspeare in sounding Cleopatra's heart and portraying the secret springs—the ambition, jealousy, pride and voluptuousness—that made her the serpent of the Nile are well brought out in a clear character sketch. The nonsense of the "literary fop" is exposed in an article which would do young scribblers no harm to read attentively.

The editor, among other things, gives a history and criticism of our popular magazines, and puts his finger on one of the blemishes in these publications in saying that to cater to the fashion of the hour, they admit the contributions of a writer who has gained some ephemeral notoriety, and who is hailed with more delight when he speaks upon some weighty subject of the hour than is the writer vastly his superior in intellect.

The current *Portfolio* presents a good number. The comparison between Carlyle and Macaulay, especially, is worthy, in both matter and manner, of older heads. The merits and defects of these two writers are set before us with clearness, directness and succinctness, accompanied by a simplicity and flow in style capable of attracting the most listless reader. The double simile of the gaily painted, brilliant curtain typifying Macaulay's vision, and the vast stage of gloomy depths, and awfully suggestive recesses, typifying Carlyle's, forms a happy ending to a happy article. There are two other essays, both with merits of no ordinary degree. These three, however, absorb all the worth of the *Portfolio*, and cast the other contributions so much into the shade as to make them appear not to belong to the same journal.

The *Purdue Exponent* to hand is the most interesting number the football heroes have produced for a long time. "Brown's Ghost" shows the evil effect of neglecting the present in the alluring dreams of a deceptive future, and is a story skilfully conceived and humorously unfolded. An ordinary college prank, though well told, is scarcely worth the pains the author took to shroud it in mystery.

The "Critics Criticised" is a plea on behalf of writers to be treated with common justice by self-styled critics. The writer's pen is a sorry jade; it plays his style so many tricks before reaching paper as to call forth the pity of the most upstart critic.

Personals.

—Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher paid a short informal visit to Reverend President Morrissey on Tuesday last. The visits of our Rt. Rev. Bishop are always most welcome, but we regret to say that they are always too short. The students hope that he will visit the University soon again, and include them in the happy number whom he favors with his presence. The Bishop is a prime favorite with them and they are always delighted to have him among them.

—Dr. R. E. Giffin, a prominent surgeon of Lincoln, Nebraska, spent a few days of last week in visiting his sons, Harry and Robert, of St. Edward's Hall.

—Among our Chicago visitors on Washington's Birthday were the following: Mr. Sexton, Mr. M. Naughton, Mr. Garrity, Mr. Kasper, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Walsh.

—Mr. Edward Fitzharris (student '67), of Saginaw, Michigan, is one of the best liked and most prosperous of the travelling men of that hustling, lumber metropolis. He is engaged in the hardware business and has met with well-deserved success. The SCHOLASTIC trusts that still greater prosperity may fall to his lot.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thennis, of Michigan City, were among our most welcome visitors of Saturday last. Mr. Thennis is a leading citizen of Michigan City, and he and his estimable wife are prominent in the social circles of that city. Their visit was an enjoyable one to their friends here, who hope that it may soon be repeated.

—On Friday, the 21st, we were delighted by a visit from the Rev. Father McGlaughlin, of Niles, and Rev. Father Bloomer, O. P., a prominent missionary priest. Father McGlaughlin has but recently recovered from a severe illness, and his hosts of friends at the University rejoice at his recovery. Both the Rev. gentlemen are always welcome at Notre Dame and a repetition of their visit is hoped for.

—Among our most honored guests on Washington's Birthday were Mrs. Samuel Murdock, Miss Mary C. and Miss Katharine Gavan, of Lafayette, Indiana. Mrs. Murdock is the wife of Samuel T. Murdock, whose princely gift to the University was formally presented on Saturday. The Misses Gavan were former pupils of our sister institution, St. Mary's Academy. Their visit was a most welcome one, and we trust that it may soon be repeated.

—It is with deep sorrow that we announce the death of Harry Byrne, who died at Chicago, on Saturday, Feb. 15, aged twelve years. Harry was a Minim from Sept '93 to June '94, and was loved by both his teachers and schoolmates who sincerely mourn his untimely death. He was a bright, manly, little fellow, the idol of his parents and loved by all who knew him. The SCHOLASTIC extends its sincerest sympathy to his grief-stricken parents.

Local Items.

—The tragedy of King Lear is receiving due attention in the Criticism class.

—Indoor baseball was the favorite pastime of the Carrolls during the past week.

—There is a rumor afloat which says that the Columbians will entertain the St. Cecilians.

—The bulletins will be made out next week. Before being mailed, they will be read in the study-halls.

—Owing to the religious services held on Wednesday evenings, the Philodemics now meet on Thursdays.

—Another consignment of books has been received in the Library for the use of the students in the English classes.

—The Carrolls now enjoy the punching-bag. Hot games of basket-ball are played every evening in the Carroll gym.

—A force of laborers were put to work on the Carroll campus last week. The diamond was raked and rolled. Several interesting games will be played.

—A pun was unconsciously made the other day in the Library by a small Carroll who remarked that "David Copperfield" was "a dickens of a long story."

—Students of the Rhetoric class will now find in the Library several copies of each work to be read in their course. The delay in procuring the books was unavoidable.

—At the flag-raising last Saturday, Tom Cavanagh nudged Joe Sullivan, and whispered in his ear: "Where is the function to be, Joe?" "I don't know. Why?" "Don't you see the flag getting ready to go the ball?"

—Wednesday evening the Staff met in the law-room to make arrangements for the Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC. We shall not divulge what passed there, but promise that the Easter number will be something worthy of its editors.

—PROFESSOR—"If I pass an electric current through fifty cubic centimeters of water, how many cubic centimeters of oxygen will be formed, Mr. Fitzpatrick?" FITZ—"Please, sir, what's the formula for an electric current?"

—A CARD OF THANKS.—The Class of '96 wish to return grateful acknowledgments to the Rev. Director of the Stock Company, to Professor Preston and to the Director of the Lemonnier Library for valuable assistance in the presentation of their play.

—"Why for they raise that flag to-day, Wheeler?" asked a Mexican youth between the acts of the drama on Washington's birthday. "Why, haven't you heard about it?" said the prolific Lucian. "Fitzsimmons knocked out Maher last night, you know."

—The students of the University tender to W. C. Smith, of the Union League Club, Chicago,

their grateful appreciation of his kindness in sending them 500 copies of the League Pamphlet of "Patriotic Songs" which were used on Washington's Birthday.

—The costumes worn at the play of last Saturday attracted more than the usual attention. They fitted well and were bright in color and historically correct in design. It affords us great satisfaction to say that the costumer was Mr. F. Schoultz, of Chicago.

—The competitions will be concluded this evening. There has been a thorough sifting in all the classes, and the men who have been doing conscientious work are rejoicing accordingly. Each fresh competition brings the new system into greater favor. The results are more satisfactory both to professors and students.

—Forty-two new students entered the University since Christmas and were assigned as follows:

Brownson Hall, twenty-two; Carroll Hall, seventeen; Sorin Hall, three.

This is encouraging, as this year many institutions are far short of their average attendance.

—At the last faculty-meeting it was decided to give a gold medal in June to every student who can pronounce the word G-e-o-g-h-e-g-a-n correctly. While going through the ordeal the candidate for the medal must be blindfolded, and must also have his hands tied behind his back. Other conditions will be published later.

—Nothing can prevent Costello from indulging in the pun—not even the solemnity of Lent. He said to Weaver the other evening at supper: "Pass the rolls, Barney, and I'll see that you get on the Roll of Honor this week. Roll'em down here, please." Before the post-prandial grace was said that evening every conceivable form of the word roll had been pronounced, from the South Chicago Rolling Mills to the rolling prairies of Kansas.

—COLUMBIANS.—After the business part of Thursday evening's meeting, the Columbians adjourned without carrying out the regular programme. This action was deemed advisable on account of the studious attitude of the members on the eve of competition, though it was a disappointment to the little orator from the Lottery state, who carried rolls of argument for the negative. Before adjournment, however, final action was taken for the St. Patrick's Day entertainment, and the members are already hard at work.

—And they were defeated, those Shorties who challenged the world. The Carrolls did it in a game which lasted, by agreement, five innings. The end of the fifth showed by the score card that the abbreviated giants of Brownson Hall had 0 for their work while the Carrolls were happy in the possession of 7 runs. The captain of the "Shorties" said that things would have been different if Fitzpatrick, their pitcher, had been in the box. Fitz has been writing essays for some time past, and is now

suffering from their baneful effects. The captain should know.

—The first appearance on any stage of Mr. Shamus O'Brien (Willie's stage-name) will not be the sole attraction at Notre Dame on St. Patrick's Day. There's the new Irish Republic to be thought of. On the morning of the seventeenth the combined forces of the Brownson and Sorin Irishtocracy will meet in the "gym" to elect a President and a Cabinet for this New Irish Republic. Several students—the descendants of long lines of Irish kings—have been mentioned in connection with the Presidency, but as we go to press the name of Mr. Jonathan Clontarf Shannon, of Sorin Hall, seems to be the favorite with the plebeians.

—Thursday was as a day in May. On Carroll campus the baseball players were out in scores, and for scores. Their suits looked bright and pleasant, and though they were a trifle baggy on those athletes who did not keep in training during the winter, there is hope that active practice will develop muscles and make brawny the members in years to come of our Varsity nines. There were the usual complaints against umpires. Some one who has influence in Carroll Hall and who takes an interest in sport should call a meeting of the clubs and adopt a uniform system of rules. The regulations of the National League don't seem to cover all the needs of Carroll Hall.

—What a collection of misshapen, ungainly creatures gathered in front of Washington Hall last Saturday to jeer at our militia! There were those of stooped shoulders and knock-knees, chaps who would require the latest thing in steam wrenches to be made straight. It was an awful sight to witness scores of poor fellows, who didn't know better, with cigarettes on lips and hands in pockets, blubbering out in infantile tones, "Tsee dem sojers! He! he! he!" What a pity there is not a rule in the University requiring all students to become cadets. It is a shame to send out these poor imbeciles to lounge and slouch through life, ignorant that the sky above them is blue, because they are not able to lift up their heads.

—It had always been a rule in the Library, until lately, that prolonged conversation there was forbidden. Time was when inquiries were made of the assistant librarians in low tones. Some regard was shown for those who were at the reading table. But now one may go there and listen for the hour, if he be so minded, to discourses on the "Philosophy of Education," "The All-America Team," "Max Nordau and the Decadents," "The Late Kennel Show," etc. It would be a kindness to the patrons of the Library if the Lecture Committee would take these spouters under its wing and let them have a larger audience in Washington Hall. They have ideas which are giving them trouble. Quiet should be the prevailing tone of the Library.

—A ROMANCE.—In the times when men were heroes and women fair, Notre Dame was the head-quarters of that famous athletic club, the Society's. This organization had in its aristocratic bosom many persons of distinction. They had a great football team and among the athletes was one—the full-back, who was noted for his skill with *la plume*. Being in need of practise he bribed a member of the "Shamuses" to teach him the game. The full-back received his practice, and as the result has been lame ever since. It was not believed at the time that he was fatally injured; but although he has striven like a Spartan for three months, he is still affected with a moustache as diminutive as ever. The story about misplaced eyebrows has often been laughed at; but one, noticing the upper lip of the young enthusiast from the East, cannot but be convinced of its truth.

—Hardly had the old year drawn his last breath and settled himself comfortably in the past when three gentlemen of Sorin Hall drew up a contract to quit smoking until Commencement day or forfeit a sum of money. Self-denial was a very good thing for a few weeks and worked admirably; but nature and habit began to assert themselves. A smoke was a thing heartily desired; but honor, not to speak of a few dollars, was a more important consideration. The three met, however, in solemn conclave, and after carefully considering their position and the construction which outsiders would place upon their conduct should they resume smoking, agreed to dissolve the contract. There are no happier men in Sorin Hall to-day than these three, and for those who say that they are weak and slaves to the tobacco habit, they have only a smile and a wreath of smoke, for they are not cranky now.

—If hard training counts for anything, McCarthy will make the Varsity ball-team this year. He began to train systematically last Monday. At four-thirty every morning he goes to the Library, dons the suit of armor, and then takes a short sprint to Niles and back. His sparring-partner, Colonel McKenzie, is ready for him with a curry-comb on his return. He gives him a thorough rubbing down, after which these formidable welter-weights have a lively three-round "go" with bare fists in the "gym." Then War Horse does justice to a light breakfast, consisting of scrambled eggs, wienerwurst and ginger-ale, followed by a Turkish bath and some more curry-combing. As soon as he has recovered, he starts out for a thirty mile walk, with a soldierly looking man about two feet ahead of him, who acts as pace-maker. The pace-maker is the aforesaid sparring-partner, Col. McKenzie. Training like this is hard work, but McCarthy is well repaid for his trouble. Already we notice a buoyancy of step and a knock-this-chip-off-my-shoulder air about him that was missing in the old days when he parted his hair in the middle and smoked cigarettes.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Barry, Bennett, Bryan, Costello, Fagan, Gallagher, Lantry, Marmon, McNamara,* Marr, Mott, Miller, McGruder, McManus, McKee, McDonough, W. Palmer, Pulskamp, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Rosenthal, Shannon, Steele, Sullivan, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Ball, Brinker, R. Browne, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Blackman, Berthelet, Brucker, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Crilly, Cypher, Clendenin, Crane, C. Cullen, B. Daly, Delaney, M. Daly, Dowd, Dukette, Forbing, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flanigan, Fox, Fehr, Farrell, Filia-trault, Farley, Goeke, Gibson, Geoghegan, Galen, Gilmore, Hay, F. Hesse, Hagerty, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Harrison, Heirholzer, Hennebry, Howell, Hindel, Hengen, J. Hesse, Hinde, Johnson, Kegler, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Konzon, Kerwin, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Maguire, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, Moran, H. A. Miller, Ill., Murphy, R. Monahan, B. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, Mueller, Morehouse, McGinnis, McPhee, McCarrick, McKenzie, McCormack, R. McGuire, Neeley, Naughton, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, R. O'Malley, Ward, Pietrzykowski, Pulskamp, Phelps, Pim, Paras, Quinn, T. Ryan, Regan, Rauch, J. Ryan, San Roman, Sammon, Smith, Strauss, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Scott, Sheehan, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tabor, Tong, Ten Broeck, Tuttle, Thiele, Thacker, F. Wurzer, Walsh, Wagner, Wade, L. Wurzer.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, J. Berry, W. Berry, G. Burke, E. Burke, Bernardin, Curry, Cottin, Crowds, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Cowie, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Druiding, Donovan Erhart, Franey, Furher, Flynn, Fennessey, Fox, Foster, Girsch, Girardi, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Gonzalez, Garza, Hermann, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hayes, Healy, Howard, Hanley, Hunt, Jelonak, Keeffe, Kay, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, F. Kasper, G. Kasper, A. Kasper, Kirk, Koehler, Leach, Long, Langley, Lichtenwalter, Lowery, Land, Loomis, Lehman, Moorhead, J. Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Mulcare, Monahan, Morris, Monarch, Merz, Massey, L. Meagher, McNamara, McKinney, W. McNichols, F. McNichols, McCorry, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Newell, O'Brien, O'Malley, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Pulford, Quandt, E. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shipp, Shiels, Saul, Scott, Schoenbein, Summers, Sheekey, W. Scherrer, J. Scherrer, Spillard, Stare, Szybowicz, Schaack, Tescher, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Welker, Webb, Zaehle.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Abrahams, Allyn, C. Bode, F. Bode, Breslin, Bullene, Bullen, F. Brissenden, R. Brissenden, Bergeron Blanchfield, Cunnea, Campbell, Cotter, Catchpole, Coquillard, Clark, Cressey, Casparis, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dowling, Dugas, Ehrlich, Elliott, Ernst, Bosworth, Fetter, Finnerty, Flynn, M. Flynn Freeman, Fielding, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Goff, H. Giffin, K. Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, F. Hess, R. Hess, Kasper, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kopf, Lawton, Morehouse, Maher, Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, Marshall, McMaster, McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Plunkett, Phillips, Polk, Pyle, Paul, Hammer, Quinlan, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Sontag, Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Mulcare, F. Weidman, Weidner, Waite, B. Hess, Sexton, Welsh, Wlde, i Weber.

* Omitted by mistake last week.